

You're the One(s) for Me by FrazzledSquidz

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Summary:

“But you’ll only be young enough to have five orgasms in one night for so long, right?”

Jonathan rolled his eyes outrageously, but couldn’t keep the smile from his face. “That has never happened.”

“Well then challenge accepted.”

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"This might be a bad idea," Jonathan panted, his face stained red and his forehead sweaty.

"It's not," Steve encouraged, nipping his bottom lip before kissing him deeply, wiping his hand on the towel beside them. He had just given Byers his first orgasm of the night, but his goal was *five*. Okay, admittedly, maybe not the best idea. But it was still going to be awesome.

"It might-" He was interrupted by another kiss. "-Not be possible."

"But aren't you excited to find out?" Nancy whispered in his ear, grinning at the full-body shudder it invoked. He turned his head to look at her. "And to try new things with us?"

"Everything I do with you guys is new for me," Jonathan muttered matter-of-factly, tilting his head up and kissing her.

Steve loved how a good orgasm made a person relax. Well, it made Jonathan relaxed, it made Nancy kind of crazy, but in a great way. "Most of this is new for us too, buddy." He stroked his erection a few times as he watched them kiss, more than ready for his own orgasm.

Jonathan was still so reactive to everything, even though they'd been doing this stuff for a couple of months now. It was *great*, even if it kind of broke Steve's heart. Because Jonathan always seemed surprised when they reached for him, like he couldn't believe they still desired him with such intensity. He acted like each time was new, or like he'd believed he'd never get to experience such things again.

"Wait." Jonathan broke his kiss with Nancy, gazing blearily up at Steve. "Is five the goal for everyone tonight?"

Nancy snorted. "That's not really a challenge..."

"Yeah, yeah." Steve flapped his hand. "The female body is extraordinary and capable of endless orgasms and we're all jealous."

Moving on: let's focus on you tonight," he said, leaning in to give Jonathan a chaste kiss, "and then we'll set up some new goals for me and Nance later, okay?"

Jonathan looked a little uncomfortable, which was how Steve figured the afterglow was wearing off. Steve knew the other boy hated having attention focused on him, but this was the good kind. He was going to rock Byers' world.

"Remember," Nancy murmured, cupping Jonathan's face to draw him in for another kiss. "Tell us when to stop and we will, no questions. We're here to have fun, right? All of us."

Jonathan nodded, seeming distracted by her lips, and opened his mouth to kiss her deeper.

Steve grinned, remembering a time when Jonathan had been too anxious to ever make the first move. He was getting bolder the longer they were together, in all the best ways. "What's next, Byers?" he asked, gently massaging the other boy's bare thigh.

He pulled away, licking his lips. "Um." His eyes met Nancy's, and he blushed endearingly. "Is it okay... Can I... eat you out?"

Nancy beamed. "Absolutely." She flipped over to her back, clad only in her bra and underwear, both a light shade of purple.

Jonathan glanced over at Steve, blushing darker. "And maybe we could try... We could keep trying with me?"

Steve's dick throbbed. "Yes. Oh hell yes." He stumbled out of bed, taking his shirt off along the way, to grab the lube and condoms from his bathroom. He and Jonathan had been attempting anal sex for a few weeks now, but it was a lot harder than the AIDS pamphlets made it look. Jonathan was so nervous, and so *tight*.

The first time they'd tried, it hadn't ended very well. They had read that it was going to be a little painful, but then Jonathan had started bleeding and Steve had freaked out and they'd had to call it quits for the night.

The second time, Steve had used a *lot* more lube and had gone way

slower, maybe slower than Jonathan would have liked but he really didn't want to hurt him. He'd gotten two fingers in before he'd asked Jonathan how it felt.

"Weird," Jonathan had murmured, shifting a little. "Full."

Steve had moved his fingers over a little was about to reply when Jonathan suddenly cried out loudly and collapsed onto his face. Yanking his fingers out, Steve had frantically asked, "Holy shit dude are you alright?"

Panting, Jonathan had got back on his hands and knees, nodding. "Uh, yeah. Definitely. I think we just found the reason guys do this."

It had only gotten better from there. They had practiced stretching Jonathan out over the weeks, getting his body used to the invasion. (Steve had once dated a girl who was similar, so he kind of knew what he was doing?) But they still hadn't done the deed because they had been waiting for Nancy.

"Try what?" Nancy asked, looking between the two boys in confusion as Steve came back in the room.

They had been having their trysts in secret, excited to show her what they could do, wanting to surprise her with something unexpected.

"You'll see," Steve replied, grinning. He dropped the supplies on the bed and wiggled his way out of his pants, feeling overdressed.

Jonathan loomed over Nancy and kissed her deeply, probably trying to stop her from asking too many questions. He settled gently on top of her body as one hand came up and started massaging her breasts, causing her to sigh and bring her hands up to Jonathan's hair.

Steve sat on the bed behind them, waiting patiently. There was a brief struggle with Nancy's bra (because those things were the *worst*) and then Jonathan was settling between her legs, continuing to kiss her as his hand lazily drifted southward.

Nancy hummed and parted her legs as Jonathan's questioning fingers touched her, slipping under her underwear and parting her lips gently. From the sound of things, Steve could assume that she was

already dripping wet, probably from watching him and Byers grind against each other and make out frantically. He hadn't come yet, though; a fact his dick was painfully reminding him of as he watched Jonathan's hand work between Nancy's legs, the slick sound of her and their panting the only noise in Steve's big, empty house.

Nancy broke their kiss, whining, "Jonathan," and bucking her hips impatiently. She hadn't come yet either, which was actually kind of out of character for her.

Jonathan murmured something in response before kissing his way down her body, pausing only long enough to tongue at her nipples and belly button. Nancy sighed and raised her arms back to grip the headboard, legs falling open as wide as they could with her underwear now shoved down around her thighs. Jonathan bent over and pulled his knees under him as he gripped her hips and started to tease her, presenting Steve with clear access to his ass.

If Steve had to be honest, the sight of Jonathan's naked hole had been terrifying and kind of gross at first. But now that he knew the kind of pleasure Jonathan got from being fingered, it had become an amazing turn-on. Excited, Steve shifted to his knees and grabbed the bottle of lube, watching Nancy squirm and whine as Jonathan seemed to lick everywhere but where she wanted. He really had gotten good at this.

Steve coated two fingers generously in lube, his dry hand touching the bare skin of Jonathan's ass as a warning, before he started rubbing and prodding at his opening. Jonathan shifted and moaned quietly, breath hitching as Steve sank one finger smoothly inside him. Nancy opened her eyes at the noise, and Steve swore she stopped breathing for a moment. Her eyes were as wide as he'd ever seen them, her face red all the way down to her chest, her mouth dropped slightly open.

"Oh my-" She interrupted herself with a loud moan, tossing her head back, as Jonathan started moving between her legs again more vigorously.

"We couldn't wait to show this to you," Steve told her, grinning as he worked his finger in and out of Jonathan, avoiding his prostate for

now, just trying to stretch him. “We’ve been practicing for weeks, haven’t we, Byers?”

Jonathan hummed in assent, which made Nancy shudder and groan, arms flexing as she gripped the headboard tightly.

“Sometimes we were at a house, alone,” Steve confided, pouring more lube on his hand. “But sometimes we got impatient. The better we got, the more we did it in one of our cars, in the back seat and parked somewhere quiet. Or in the school bathroom when everyone was in class, locked in a stall and hoping no one came looking.”

Nancy was gasping erratically and bucking up into Jonathan’s mouth at that point. As she arched and moaned loudly and came, thighs shaking beautifully, Steve slipped another finger into Jonathan and twisted.

“Ah!” Jonathan shouted, turning his face into Nancy’s thigh and shoving his hips back onto Steve’s fingers. “Steve!”

“Yeah, baby.” Steve grinned, picking up the pace as he twisted and scissored his fingers, stretching Jonathan efficiently.

Jonathan’s let out a heartfelt groan, grinding his forehead into Nancy’s hip as his dick started to swell between his legs. He gripped her underwear, still trapped around her thighs and *ripped* until they came off. Nancy cried out and spread her legs wider as Jonathan tucked his arms under her hips, hitched her up closer to him, and buried his face in her again. She grabbed his hair roughly, speaking in gibberish as he tongued her in earnest, moaning all the while every time Steve hit his prostate.

“Jonathan,” Nancy moaned needily still strung out from her first orgasm, and Steve knew what was coming. He watched Jonathan bring a hand around and, as he slipped two fingers into her, he slid a third into Jonathan.

“Fuck!” Jonathan cried out, moaning and pumping his hand between Nancy’s legs frantically. She grabbed his head and brought him back to task and Steve buried his fingers deep into Jonathan and rubbed his prostate mercilessly, panting and feeling more turned-on that he

ever had before in his life. As Nancy's cries grew more frequent and higher pitched, and Jonathan kept moaning like he was dying, Steve knew he was going to come, too.

They fell like dominoes. Nancy reached back to grab and yank at the headboard as she screamed her way through her second orgasm, Jonathan jerked his head away from her and took a deep breath before coming with a belly-deep groan, and Steve ground his head into the swell of Jonathan's ass as he, unbelievably, followed them over the edge, coming without ever having been touched.

When Steve came to a few minutes later, they were sprawled all over the bed, limbs everywhere to the point where he didn't know whose was whose. He sat up, running a hand through his hair, and grinning as Jonathan and Nancy sleepily blinked over at him. "Good job, team."

Nancy smiled and stretched. "You've got come on your chin."

Steve fetched a warm, wet washcloth for them, Jonathan sighing as he cleaned his chest. "I'm starving."

Which is how they found themselves raiding Steve's kitchen at nine o'clock at night, the boys clad only in their boxers and Nancy wearing one of Steve's shirts. They heated up some leftover pizza to munch on and grabbed a few Cokes, joking and chatting comfortably. At one point Nancy turned around and reached up to grab crushed red pepper from the cabinet, and Steve's shirt rode up just enough to flash her pert bare ass at them.

She turned and raised an eyebrow as she caught them staring. "Go at each other." She waved them away blithely. "I'm still eating."

Steve, needing no more encouragement, turned and pressed himself against Byers, kissing him deeply. Jonathan startled a little, but settled back against the counter and opened his mouth, letting Steve lick the taste of Coke out of his mouth.

"Three more to go," Steve reminded him as he pulled away, grinning.

Jonathan raised his eyebrows. "I really don't think it's possible, man."

With a smirk, Steve cupped the back of Jonathan's head with one hand, drawing him in for a deep kiss, while his other hand slipped around to his ass, which he grabbed roughly. Jonathan opened his mouth around a ragged gasp, and Steve took advantage of the situation to stick his tongue down Jonathan's throat again and grind their crotches together. His dick was definitely reminding him how little action it had seen that night.

Steve lost track of time as he kissed Jonathan mercilessly and pawed at him, slipping his hand underneath his boxers and between his cheeks to remind of what they still hadn't done. Jonathan was crying out beautifully as Steve rubbed the pads of his fingers against his wet hole, his own hands gripping and pressing bruises into Steve's biceps.

Steve could feel himself drawing closer to his second orgasm, which of course was when Nancy grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back. "Nance," he whined unashamedly, pulling away from Jonathan, who slumped against the counter bonelessly.

She smiled sweetly. "It's my turn with him." She pressed the bottle of lube, which she had apparently run upstairs to get, into his hand and turned to Jonathan with a row of condoms. "Better get those boxers off."

Panting, looking dizzy from arousal, Jonathan quickly shoved his underwear down and kicked them away. Nancy slipped past him and sat up on a counter on the other side of the kitchen, handing him one condom and putting the rest beside her, spreading her legs invitingly.

Steve stepped back and leaned against the island, horny and vaguely irritable. He wanted to get off so bad, but was loathe to fuck his own hand while his two partners were just feet away from him.

Nancy drew Jonathan in, kissing him and telling him, "You're not allowed to come, okay?" as she looped her legs around and drew him in.

Jonathan sighed and pushed up the shirt she was wearing, pulling her to the edge of the counter and sliding into her without resistance. Nancy closed her eyes and tipped her head back, bracing her arms against the counter as he started to fuck into her slowly, but deeply.

As he watched them, Steve ground the heel of his palm into his forehead, rubbing himself absently. He could practically feel how soft and wet Nancy must be, how she must be tightening in anticipation as her arousal grew and grew with every thrust of Jonathan's hips. "God, please speed up," he told them desperately, about ready to hump the floor if it got him off.

Nancy wrapped her arms around Jonathan's shoulders as he complied, shoving up into her faster. She started to moan wantonly, gripping his hair as he pressed his teeth into the side of her neck. Then she was reaching between them to, Steve knew, rub her clit frantically. As she tossed her head back, on the edge, Jonathan bit at the hinge of her jaw and she came with a shuddering cry, tightening her hold around him. Steve felt like he was going to pass out.

Panting, Jonathan drew away, leaving her sitting on the counter again, shuddering and gripping the base of his dick tightly to stave off his orgasm as she had told him to, looking pained.

With a groan, Steve crossed the kitchen and plastered himself to Jonathan's back, chewing on his shoulders and grabbing his hips roughly as he ground his erection desperately against his ass. "Please. Please can I fuck you now? Please?"

Jonathan was already nodding. "Yes, yes, yes." He slipped the condom off his dick as Steve reached around him to grab a fresh one, quickly shoving his boxers down and pulling it on. He didn't really get the point, since it wasn't like Jonathan could get pregnant, but those pamphlets had talked about some scary shit, so better safe than sorry.

Jonathan leaned over and braced his hands against the counter by Nancy, who was smiling at them excitedly. Steve grabbed the lube, slicked his hand up, and slid two fingers into Jonathan easily, stretching him for a just a moment before adding a third.

"Steve," Jonathan groaned, hanging his head and bucking his hips. "I'm ready- *please*."

Ignoring him, Steve stretched him on three fingers for a few more moments before pulling them out and rubbing a generous amount of

lube on his sheathed dick. "Okay. Okay. Ready?"

Jonathan whined and nodded frantically, shifting his hips back impatiently. Nancy scooted closer and drew Jonathan's face towards hers for a sweet kiss as Steve started to press in.

Jonathan gasped shakily, staring into Nancy's eyes. Steve started to push in again, but stopped when Jonathan tensed and clamped down around him tightly. Steve bit his lip, wanting so badly just to thrust inside him. But he knew better.

"Are you okay?" Nancy asked Jonathan quietly.

He nodded, relaxing. "Yeah, yeah. Steve, keep going."

Steve resumed his snail's pace, pausing one more time as Jonathan tensed again, but he relaxed much quicker than last time. Once he got the head of his dick in, though, the rest of it went smoothly and steadily until he was buried in Jonathan up to the hilt, both boys panting wildly.

"Shit. Holy shit." Jonathan groaned, tipping his head back.

"Okay?" Steve asked, desperately hoping he hadn't hurt him.

"Yeah, definitely. You can... you can move, you know?"

So Steve did. Slowly, at first, to make sure, but when Jonathan whined in encouragement and shoved his hips back, he picked up the pace until he was snapping his hips against Jonathan's loudly.

"How does it feel?" Nancy asked, eyes wide and cheeks flushed.

"Fucking incredible," Steve grunted. He changed his angle on his next thrust, causing Jonathan to cry out loudly and grip the edge of counter with white knuckles as he slammed against his prostate.

She whined a little at Jonathan's reaction, hands stroking the sides of his face. "And you? Jonathan? How is it?"

"S-so good," he panted, sounding needy. "Oh god, so, so good." He cut himself with a long groan, the muscles in his shoulders twisting in

pleasure.

“Oh,” Nancy breathed, pulling Jonathan’s face to hers again.

They traded sloppy kisses as Jonathan panted against her lips, gasping and moaning with every thrust of Steve’s. Steve gripped Jonathan’s hips tightly, digging his nails in hard enough to leave red marks.

“God I’m- I’m close,” Steve panted, his thrusts growing more erratic.

Jonathan moaned and reached down, jerking himself off frantically. He came first with a shout and clamped down around Steve so hard he couldn’t move, so he wound up coming while buried deep in Jonathan’s ass.

Panting wildly, Steve carefully pulled out, wincing as Jonathan tensed again. “Was that-?”

“Don’t ask,” Jonathan breathed, turning and pulling Steve into a deep, messy kiss.

“Okay,” Steve agreed when they separated, nodding dumbly. “Yeah. Sounds good.” He looked up at Nancy, who was biting her lip and smiling at them, eyes bright.

“I’m definitely ready for another round,” she declared, pressing her thighs together and squirming a little.

Jonathan laughed a little, sounding exhausted and unbelieving, as he slumped against the fridge.

“Gotta give us a few minutes, babe,” Steve drawled, pulling the condom off his dick and moving to the trashcan. “Our bodies are inferior to yours, remember?”

“Oh, I trust you to figure something out.” Smoothly, Nancy slid off the counter and sauntered over to him, still wearing his shirt. He swore sometimes she was so beautiful she was going to kill him. She grabbed his hand and pulled it so he could feel between her legs. Steve gasped as he felt the hot, wet throb of her, something predatory inside of him rearing its head.

“Hmm, you liked watching us, huh?” He grinned, disposing of the used condom and using his other hand to grab her ass, pulling her closer to him.

“I always like watching you two,” Nancy breathed, smiling and shifting her legs to allow him more access and he started slowly moving his fingers along her folds.

Steve started kissing and nipping at her neck and the edge of her jaw. “We practiced so hard, for weeks, wanting to get it just right for you.” He looked over her shoulder at Jonathan, who was still leaning against the fridge and looking like he’d forgotten how to breathe. Steve slipped two fingers into Nancy, curving them a little as she gasped and gripped above his elbows, squirming. “One time we were doing it at his house, and his mom came home early. But we couldn’t stop, you know? He had a really hard time being quiet.”

“Pretty sure that was your fault,” Jonathan stated blandly, coming up to press himself along Nancy’s back. He shared a wet kiss with Steve over her shoulder, then Steve felt Jonathan’s fingers join his in the wet miracle that was Nancy Wheeler.

She cried out loudly as one of Jonathan’s fingers slid inside her alongside Steve’s, spreading her legs wider and pushing her ass back against him. She pressed her face into Steve’s bare chest, her breath hot and damp against his skin.

“I can’t help it,” Steve muttered, twisting his fingers just enough so he could get his thumb against her clit. “Making you two moan like this is my favorite past-time.” He pressed the pad of his thumb against her and rubbed roughly, causing her to yell, while his and Jonathan’s fingers pumped in and out of her in tandem. “You’re both so beautiful.”

He caught Jonathan’s lips over Nancy’s shoulder again, biting them roughly as Nancy whined and moaned and squirmed in his arms. Steve’s free hand migrated from her ass to Jonathan’s hip, which he squeezed tightly.

“Can you come from this?” Steve asked after a minute, pulling his mouth away from Jonathan’s to nip at her shoulder.

"I- I don't know," she cried shakily. Steve knew that even though she would be very sensitive by now, sometimes her later orgasms took longer to bring on.

"I asked Jonathan the same thing a few days ago, you know?" he stated casually, smirking at Byers' unimpressed look (negated by his blush), over her shoulder. "We both skipped fifth period and locked ourselves in the darkroom. I had three fingers inside him and I was hitting that spot that makes him lose his mind."

Nancy was moaning wantonly and mouthing at his chest, rhythmically shoving her hips back against Jonathan's hand as he added a second finger smoothly.

"I asked him if he could come just from that," Steve continued, panting and feeling his dick start to harden again. "He said he didn't know, either. I kept him strung out for half an hour, Nance. Just fucking him with my fingers and telling him he couldn't touch his dick." Jonathan was biting his bottom lip now, eyes wild. "He was crying for it, just like you are. So close to coming but unable to get there. Can you imagine how pretty he looked? Face shining with tears in that red light? So out of his mind with pleasure he couldn't even speak?"

Nancy cried out loudly again, but this time in longing and frustration. She reached down and shoved at their hands, and they withdrew them from her quickly. "This isn't working!" Her hair and her eyes were crazed, her body poised on the edge of something intense. She ground the heel of her hand against her forehead, panting. "I'm so close, but I just can't get there."

Steve smirked. "I have an idea we could try."

Which was how they found themselves in Steve's parents' enormous shower, Steve fucking her from behind while Jonathan kept the hand-held shower head gushing hot water against her clit. She was shrieking and crying out like she was in pain, but whenever they tried to stop she demanded they "finish was they started." She was braced against the wall with Jonathan at her side, nipping at her shoulders, while Steve pounded into her and desperately tried to hold off his own orgasm.

Eventually, they came in quick succession. With a groan, Steve pulled out and wound up coming over her back (as they had forgotten the condoms downstairs) and Nancy, shouting louder than they'd ever heard, finally achieved her own orgasm as well, but this time with an accompanied fluid gushing down her legs even after Jonathan pulled the shower head away.

Nancy looked startled and confused, but Steve moaned in appreciation and desire. Still feeling predatory, he pinned Jonathan back against the same wall Nancy was on, dropped to his knees and started sucking him off with ruthless efficiency. Jonathan also made sounds like he wasn't sure if he was in pleasure or pain, but wound up coming weakly all the same, one hand twisted in Steve's hair and one covering his mouth, even though it did nothing to muffle his sobs.

Feeling hazy and a little delirious, they absently rinsed themselves off and, after wrapping their trembling bodies in towels, stumbled back to Steve's room for a nap. He remembered falling asleep pressed along Jonathan's back, his lips to his shoulder blade, while Nancy was plastered along Steve's, breathing softly in his ear. He remembered feeling warm, content, and loved.

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They accidentally slept through the night. And well into the next day.

"We totally failed our goal," Steve pointed out through a yawn, rolling over onto his back. He noted that they had somehow managed to create a nest on his floor of blankets, towels, and pillows even through their exhaustion last night.

Jonathan laughed, and Steve loved the sound. "Yeah, but that's okay. We got a lot done."

Nancy rolled over, holding her head up with her hand and smiling wickedly. "Who says we're done yet?"

Jonathan groaned and covered his face with both hands while Steve laughed and laughed.

Author's Note:

Disclaimer: I'm an aro/ace Queer girl and know nothing about the male orgasm, but I hope that this story was relatively believable or at least enjoyable regardless :)